PARTY CALTRACTOR

## Woman Intervenes

By ROBERT BARR.

Author of "The Face and the Mask," "In the Midst of Alarms," etc.

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CHAPTER XXIII. Edith Longworth, with that precious bit of paper in her pocket, once more got into her hansom and drove to Wentworth's office. Again she took the only easy chair om. Herface was very serious, and Mentworth, the moment he saw it said to himself, "She has falled." "Have you telegraphed to Mr. Kenyon."

"Yes.".
"Are you sure you made it clear to him

"Are you sare you made it clear to hun what was wanted? Cabbegrams are apt to be rather brief."
"I told him to keep in communication with is. Here is a copy of the cabbegram."
Miss Long worth read it approvingly, but

said: "You have not put in the word 'answer."

"No. But I put it in the dispatch I sent.

I remember that how."

"Have you had an answer yet."

"Oh, no; you see it takes a long time to get there because there are so many changes from the end of the cable to the office at which Kenyon is, And then again, you see, they may have to look for him. He may not be expecting a message; in fact, he is sure not to be expecting any. From his own cablegram to me it is quite evident he

has given up all hope."
"Show me that cablegram, please."
Wentworth hesitated. "It is hardly
couched in language you will like to read."

"That doesn't matter. Show it to me. I must see all the documents in the case." He handed her the paper which she read in silence, and gave it back to him without a

"I knew you wouldn't like it," he said.
"I have not said I do not like it. It is not a bit too strong under the circumstances. In fact I do not see how he could have put in other words. It is very concise and to the point."
"Yes, there is no doubt about that, es

pecially the first three words, 'We are cheated!' Those are the words that make me think Kenyon has given up all hope, and so there will be some difficulty in finding Did you learn whether money could be

sent by cable or not?"
"Ob, yes; there is no difficulty about
that. The money is deposited in a bank
here, and will be credited to Kenyon in the bank at Citawa."
"Very well, then," said Miss Longworth, handing him the piece of paper, "there is

the money."

Wentworth gave a long whistic as he

looked at it.

"Excuse my rudeness," he said; "I don't see a bit of paper like this every day. You mean, then, to buy the mine?"

"Yes, I mean to buy the nine."

"Yer, well, but there is £10,000 more here than is necessary."

"Yes. I mean not only to buy the mine, but to work it, and some working capital will be necessary. How much do you supnose?"

pose?"
"About that," said Wentworth, "I have no idea. I should think that £5,000 would be ample."
"Then we will leave £5,000 in the bank

here for contingencies, and we will cable £25,000 to Mr. Kenyon. I shall expect him to get me a good man to manage the mine I am sure he will be glad to do that."
"Most certainly he will. John Kenyon, now that the mine has not failen into the hands of those who tried to cheat him, will be glad to do anything for the new owner of it. He won't mind, in the least,

esing his money if he knows that you have Ah, but that is the one thing he must not know. As to losing the money, neither you nor Mr. Kenyon are to lose a penny. If the mine is all you think it is, then it will be a very profitable investment, and I intend that we shall each take our third, just as if you had contributed one-third of the money and Mr. Kenyon the

enough in this venture. If he knows I have bought it, the chances are he will be stapidly and stabbornly conscientious, and will take none of the fruits of his labors.

"And do you think, Miss Longworth, I am not conscientious enough to refuse "Oh, yes, you are conscientious, but you

"I am mistress of the mine," Mr.

Wentworth

He is one of the most sensible men in the

world, morbidly sensible, perhaps."
"Well, I think if Mr. Kenyon knew I

owned the mine, he would not take a penny as his share. So I trust you will never let him know I am the person who gave the money to buy the mine."
"But is he never to know it, Miss Long-worth?"

Perhaps not. But if he is to know, I

"I quite agree with you there; and I

"Now, what time," said the young lady, looking at her watch, "ought we to get an answer from Mr. Kenyon."

"Ah, that, as I said before, no one can

I suppose, then, the best plan is to send

the money at once, or put it in the way of being sent, to some bank in Ottawa,"
"Yes, that is the best thing to do, although,

course, if John Kenyon is not there-Title is not there, what shall we do?"

"If he is not there, what shall we do?"

"I do not exactly knew, I could cable
to Mr. Von Brent. Von Brent is the owner
of the mine, and the man who gave John
the option. I do not know how far he is
committed to the others. If he is as honest
as I take him to be, he will accept the money,
providing it is sent in before 12 o'clock,
and then we shall have the mine. Of that I
know nothing, however, because I have no
particulars except John's cable message."

"Then Lean do no more just now?"

shall respect your confidence

ing account. Another check will have to be drawn to get the money out."

"Ah, I see. I have not my check book here, but perhaps you can send this check to the bank and I will return. There will be time enough, I suppose, before the closing hour of the bank?"

"Yes, there will be menty of time. Of 'Yes, there will be plenty of time. Of

rse, the sooner we get the money away he better."
"I will return shortly after lunch. Perhaps on will have heard from Mr. Kenyon by hen. Af anything comes somer, will you endine a telegrant? Here is myaddress."
"I will do that," said Wentworth, as he

"I will no that," sind wentworth, as he bade her good-bye.

As soon as lunch was over Miss Longworth, with her check book, went again to Wentworth's office. When she entered he shock his head.

"No news yet," he said.

"This is terrible," she answered. "Sup-

"I do not think be would do that, Still. I imagine he would think there was no reason for staying in Otjawa. Nevertheless, I know Kenyon well enough to believe that he will wait there till the last minute of the option has expired in the hope that some-thing may happen. He knows, of course, that I shall be doing everything I can London, and he may have a faint expecta-tion that I shall be able to accomplish some-

"It would be useless to cable again?" "Quite. If that message does not reach aim none will." As he was speaking a boy entered the corn with a telegram in his hand. Its con-

"Cablegram received. Kenyon."
"Cablegram received. Kenyon."
"Well, that's all right," said Wentworth. "Now I shall cable that we have the money, and fell him to identify himself at the bank, so that there will be no formalities about the drawing of it to detain him." Saying fair. him." Saying tais, Wentworth pulled the lelegram forms toward him, and after considerable labor managed to concoct a dispatch that seemed to satisfy him.

"Don't spare money ou it," said the young lady. "Be sure and make it plain to him."

'I think that will do; don't you?"

"Yes," she answered, after reading the dispatch, "that will do."
"Now," she said, "here is the check. I will wait here while you do all that is necessary to cable the money, or had I better go and return again to see if everything is all

right."
"If you don't mind, just sit where you are. You may lock this door if you like, and you will not be disturbed."
It was an bour before Wentworth returned, but his face was radiant. "We have done everything we can," he said. "The money is at his order there, if the cablegram gets over before 12 o'clock tomor-ow, as I think it will."
"Very well, then, Goodby," said the girl,

holding out her hand, with a smile. "I am Mistress of the Mine, Mr. Wentworth."

CHAPTER XXIV.

If any man more miserable and delected than John Kenyon lived in the broad Dominion of Cainda he was indeed a person to be pitied. After having sent his cable-gram to Wentworth he went to his very cheerless hotel, and next morning when he woke up he knew that Wentworth would have received that message, but that the have received that message, but that the chances were ten thousand to one that he could not get the money in time, even if the could get it at all. Still be resolved to stay in Ottawa, much as he detested the place, until the bour the option expired. Then, be thought, he would look around among the mines, and see if he could not get something to do in the management of one of them. This would enable him to make some money and to help pay off the indebtedness which he and Wentworth would owe in Leodon as a result of their disastrons speculation. He cit so depressed that he did what most other Englishmen would have done in his place; he took a long walk. He stood on the bridge over the Ottawa river and gazed for a little while at the Chandlere Falls, with the mist rising from the chasm into which the waters showed. Then he walked above the other of the other. while at the Chandlere Falls, with the mist third, just as if you had contributed one third of the money and Mr. Kenyon the other."

"But, my dear Miss Longworth, that is absurd. We could never accept any such terms."

"Oh, yes, you can. I spoke to John Kenyon myself about being a partner in this mine. I am afraid he thought very little about it at the time. I don't in the country, and there he wasgoing. Here little about it at the time. I don't in the country in the words. such terms."

"Oh, yes, you can. I spoke to John Kenyon myself about being a partner in this mine. I am afraid he thought very little about it at the time. I don't fartend him to know anything at all about my ownership now. He has discovered the mine—you and he together. If it is value-less, then you and he together. If it is value-less, then you and he together. If it is value-sufferers, if it is all you think it is, then you will be the gainers. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and I am sure both you and Mr. Kenyon have labored hard enough in this venture. If he knows I have bought it, the chances are he will be and soon sat down to a plentiful meal, the coarseness of which was more than competite. After dimer he began to realize how tired he was, and felt astonished to hear from ble lost how far he was from Ottawa.

"You can't get there tonight," said the farmer, "it is no use your trying. You stay with us tonight, and I'll take you in tomorrow. I'm going in there in the afternoon." And so Kenyon remained all night, and slept the dreamless sleep of health and exhaustion,

It was somewhat late in the afternoon when he reached the city of Ottawa, Goin when he reached the city of Ottawa. Going toward his hotel, he was astonished to hear his name shouted after him. Turning round, he saw a man running toward him whom he did not recognize. "Your name is Kenyon, isn't it?" asked

the man, somewhat out of breath. "Yes, that is my name."
"I guess you don't renember me. I am the telegraph operator. We have had a dispatch waiting for you for some

time, a cablegram from London.

time, a cablegrain from London. We have searched all over the town for you but couldn't find you."

"Ah," said Kenyon, "Is it important?"

"Well, that I don't know. You had better come with me to the office and get it. Of course, they don't generally cable unimportant things. I remember it said-something about you keeping yourself in readiness for something."

They walked together to the telegraph office. The boy was still searching for office. The boy was still searching for Kenyon with the original dispatch, but

operator turned up the file and read it to him.
"You see it wants an answer," he said,
"that's why I thought it was important
to get you. You will have plenty of time

John took a lead pencil and wrote the cable dispatch which Wentworth received. He paid his money and said: "I will go to my hotel; it is the — House. I will wait there, and if anything comes for me,

want there, and it anything cones for me, send it over an soon as possible."

"All right," said the operator; "that is the best plan; then we will know exactly where to find you. Of course, there is no use in your waiting here, because we can get you in five minutes. Perhaps I had better telephone to the hotel for you if anothing comes."

anything comes,"
"Very well," said Kenyon, "I will "Very well," said Kenyon. "I will leave it all in your hands,"

Whether it was the effect of having been in the country or not, John feit that, some-how, the cablegram be had received was a

good omen. He meditated over the il good omen. He meditated over the ill luck he had suffered in the whole business from begining to end, and thought of old Mr. Longworth's favorite phrase. "There's no such thing as luck."

Then came a rap at his door, and the bell-boy said: "There is a gentleman here wisher to speak to you."
"Tell him to come un." was the answer.

"Tell him to come up." was the answer, and, two minutes later. Von Brent entered. "Any news." he asked. John, who was in a state of mind which made him suspicious of everything and everybody, answered. "No, nothing fresh." "Ah, I am sorry for that. I had sor that perhaps you might be able to raise the money before 12 o'clock tomorrow. Of course, you know the option ends at noon

"Yes, I know that." "Did you know that Longworth was in

"No," said Kenyon, "I have been out of town myself."
"Yes, he came last night. He has the know nothing, however, because I have no particulars except John's cable nessage."

"Then I can do no more just now?"

"Yes, you can. You will have to write out a check for the £25,000. You see this check is crossed, and will go into your bank-

sorry than I can tell you. I hope you will not think that I am to blame in the matter."

matter."

"No, you are not in the slightest to blame. There is nobody to blame except myself. I feel that I have been culpably negligent and altogether too trustful."

"I wish to goodness I knew where you could get the money, but, of course, if I knew that I would have had it myself long ago."

ago."
"I am very much obliged to you," said "I am very much obliged to you," said Kenyon, "but the only thing you can do for me is to see that your clock is not ahead of time tomorrow. I may perhaps be up at the office before 12 o'clock—that is where I shall find you. I suppose?"

"Yes, I shall be there all the forenoon. I shall not leave until 12."

"Yery good; I am much obliged to you, Mr. Von Brent, for your sympathy. I assure you I haven't miny friends, and it—well, I'm obliged to you, that's all. An Englishman, you know, is not very profuse.

well, I'm obliged to you, that's all. An Englishman, you know, is not very profuse in the matter of thanks, but I mean it."

"I'm sure you do," said Yon Brent, "and I'm only sorry that my assistance cannot be something substantial. Well, good-by, hoping to see you tomorrow."

After he had departed, Kenyon's impatience increased as the hours went on. He left the hotel and went direct to the telegraph office, but nothing had come for him.

"I am afraid," said the operator, "that there won't be anything more tonight. If it should come late shall I send it to your

hotel?"
"Certainly, no matter at what hour it comes; I wish you would let me have it as soon as possible. It is very important."
Leaving the office he went up the street and, passing the principal hotel in the place, saw young Long worth as dapper and correct as ever, his single eyeglass the admiration of all Ottawa, for there was not another like it in the city, standing under the portico of the hotel.
"How do you do, Kenyon?" said that young man.

"My dear sir," said Kenyon. "the last time you spoke to me you said you desired to have nothing more to say to me. I cor-dially reciprocated that sentiment, and I

dially reciprocated that sentiment, and I want to have nothing to say to you."

"My dear fellow," cried young Mr. Longworth, Jauntily, "there is no harm done. Of course, in New York I was a little out of sorts. Everybody is in New York-beastly hole. I don't think it is worse than Ottawa, but the air is purer here. By the way, perhaps you and I can make a little arrangement. I am going to buy that mine tomorrow, as doubtless you know. Now, I should like to see it in the lands of a good and competent man. If a couple of hundred pounds a year would be any temptation to you, I think we can afford to let you develop the mine."

"I knew you would be grateful; Just think over the matter, will you, and don't come to any rash decision. We can probably give a little more than that, but until we see how the mine is turning out, it is

we see how the mine is turning out, it is not likely we shall spend a great deal of money on it."
"Of course," said John, "the proper

Von Brent to come here and identify you as the man who hears the name of Kenyon. Then the moment your cablegram comes the money will be at your disposal."

Kenyon hurried to Von Brent's rooms and found him alone. "Will you come down to the bank and identify me as Kenyon!"

"Certainly. Has the money arrived!"

"No, it has not, but I expect it, and want to provide for every "thingency. I do not wish to have any day, in my identification. The busk is but responsible, you know. They take the maney entirely at the sender's risk. They might pay it to the telegraph operator win proceives the message; I believe they would not be held liable. However, it is better to see that nothing is left undone.

Going ever to the bank you Brent said to the cashier. "This is John Kenyon."

"Very good," replied the cashier. "Have you been at the telegraph office lately, Mr. Kenyon."

"No. I have not, at least not for half an hour or so."

"Well. I would go there as soon as pos-

hour or so."
"Well, I would go there as soon as pos-

sible if I were you."
"That means," said Von Breot, as soon as they had reached the door, "that they have had their notice about the money. I believe it is already in the bank for you. I will go back to my rooms dut not leave John burried to the telegraph office.

John harried to the telegraph office. "Anything for me yet?" he said.
"Nothing as yet. Mr. Konyon. I think, however." he added with a smile; "that it will be all right. I hope so."

The moments ticked along with their usual rapidity, set it seemed to Keyyon the clock was going fearfully fast. Elevers o'clock came and found him still package up and down the office of the telegraph. The operator offered him the hespitality of the private room, but this he declined. Every time the machine clicked John's ears were smalles alert, trying to onto h

ears were on the alert trying to catch a meaning from the instrument.

Ten minutes after 11!

Twenty minutes after eleven, and still no dispatch? The cold perspiration stood on John's brow and he grouned aloud.

"I suppose it 15 very important?" and

"I suppose it 18 very important?" Said
the operators.
"Very important."
"Well, now, I shouldn't say so, but I
know the money is in the bank for you.
It was just then the minutes past
the hour when John hurried up toward the
bank. "I have every belief," he said to
the cashier, "that the money is here for
me now. Is it possible for me to get it?"
"Have you your eablegram?"
"No. I have not."
"Well, you see, we cannot play the money
unless we see the cathegram to the person

"Well, you see, we cannot pay the money unless we see the cablegram to the person for whom it is intended. If this is of importance you should not leave the tele-graph office, and the moment you get your message come here: then there will be no delay whatever. Do you wish to draw all the money st once?"

"I don't know how much there is, but I must have £20,000." "Very well; to save time you had better make out a check for £20,000—that will



He Started Up Every Now and Thento Receive Cablegrams, Which Faded Away as He Awoke.

check."

answer to your remark would be to knock you down, but, besides being a law-abiding citizen, I have no desire to get into fail to-night for doing it, because there is one chance in a thousand, Mr. Longworth, that I may have some basiness to do with that mine myself before 12 o'clock tomorrow." "Ah, it is my turn to be grateful now," said Mr. Longworth. "In a rough-and-tomble fight I am afraid you would master me easter than you would in a contest of

"Do you call it diplomacy? You refer, I suppose, to your action in relation to the mine. I call it robbery."

mine. I call it robbery."

"Oh, do you? Well, that is the kind of conversation which leads to breaches of the peace, and as I, also, am a law-abiding citizen. I will not continue the discussion any further. I bid you a very good evening. Mr. Kenyon." Saying which the young man turned into the hotel. John walked to his own much more modest lim and retired for the night. He did not sleep well. All night long phantom telegraph messengers were rapping at the door, and he started up message did not come before they rang again, it would be forever too late.

Fourteen minutes—thirteen minutes—twelve minutes—eleven minutes—ten minutes 12, and yet no—

"Here you are!" shouted the operator in great glee. "She's a-coming, it's nil right, John Kenyon, Ottawa." Then he woote, as rapidly as the machine clicked out, the message, "There it is, now rush!"

John needed no telling to rush. People had begun to notice himas the man who was now and then to receive cablegram which faded away as he awoke. Shortly after breakfast he went to the telegraph office, but found that nothing had arrived

"I am afraid," said the operator, "that othing will arrive before moon."
"Before moon!" echoed John. "Why?"
"The wires are down in some places in the East and messages are delayed a good deal. Perhaps you noticed the lack of Easteran news in the morning papers. Very little news came from the East last night." Seeing John's look of anxious interest, the operator continued: "Does the dispatch you expect pertain to money matters?"

"Yes, it does."
"Do they know you at the bank?"
"No, I don't think they do."
"Then, if I were you I would go up to the bank to be identified, so that if it is a matter of minutes, no unnecessary time may be lost. You had better tell them that you expect a money order by telegram, and although such orders are paid without any identification at the bank, yet they take every precaution to see that it does not get into the hands of the wrong man." "Thank you," said Kenyon, "I am much obliged to you for your sugestion. I will act upon it." And soon as the bank opened John Kenyon presented himself to the

"I am expecting a large amount of money from England today. It is very important that when it arrives, there shall be no delay in having it placed at my disposal. I want to know if there are any formalities to be

the clerk.
"It is coming from England."

"Is there any one in Ottawa who can identify you?"
"Yes, I know the telegraph operator here."
"Ah," said the cashler, somewhat doubtfully, "anybody else?"
"Mr. Von Brent knows me very well."
"That will do. Suppose you get Mr.

check."

John clasped it, and boited out of the bank as a burglar might have done. It was five minutes to 12 when he got to the steps that led to the rooms of Mr. You Brent. Now all his excitement seemed to have deserted him. He was as cool and calm as if he had five days, instead of so many minutes, in which to make the payment. He mounted the steps quelly, walked along the passage, and rapped at the door of you Brent's room. "Come in," was the shout that greeter

" and here he gave the number of

dollars at the rate of the day on the poind.

"Just make out a check for that amount and I will certify it. A certified check is as good as gold. The moment you get your message I will hand you the certified check."

John wrote out the order and handed it to the easier, graneing at the clock as be did so. It was now 25 minutes to 12. He rushed to the telegraph office with all

the speed of which he was capable, but met only a blank look from the chief

"It has not come yet," he said, shaking

his head.

Gradually despair began to descend on the waiting man. It was worse to miss everything now than never to have had

everything now than never to have had the hope of success. It was like hanging a man who had once been reprieved. He resumed his nervous pace up and down that chamber of torture. A quarter to 12. He heard chimes ring somewhere. If the message did not come before they rang

and begun to notice him as the man who was

doing nothing but running between the bank and the telegraph office?... It was seven minutes to 1,2 when he got to the bank. "Is that dispatch right?" he said, shoving

"Is that dispatch right!" he said, shoving it through the arched aperture. The clerk looked at it with provoking composure, and then compared it with some papers. "For God's sake, hurryf" pleaded John. "You have plenty of Jime," said the cashier coolly, looking up at the clock and going on with his exantination. "Yes," he added, "that is right. Here is your certified check."

He opened the door, glancing at the clock behind Von Brent's bent as he did so. It stood at three minutes to 12.

Young Mr. Longworth was sitting there, with just a touch of pallor on his countenance, and there seemed an ominous glitter in his eyeglass. He said authing, and John Kenyon completely ignored his presence.

"There is still some life left in my option, I believe?" he said to Von Brent, after nodding good day to him.

ding good day to him.
"Very little, but perhaps it will serve.
You have two and a half minutes," said Von

"Are the papers ready?" inquired John.
"All ready, everything except putting in the names."
"Very well, here is the money." Von Brent

"Very well, here is the money." Von Brent looked at the certified check. "That is perfectly right," he said, "the mine is yours." Then he rose and stretched his hand across the table to Kenyon, who grasped it cordially. Young Mr. Long worth also rose, and said languidly. "As this seems to be a meeting of long lost brothers, I shall not intrude. Good day, Mr. Von Brent."

And with that the young man adjusted his eyegiasses and took his departure.

CHAPTER XXV. When Edith Longworth entered the office of George Wentworth, that young gentleman somewhat surprised her. He sprang from his chair the moment she entered the room, rushed out of the door, and sbricked at the top of his voice to a boy, who answered him; whereupon Wentworth returned to the room, apparently in his right mind. "I beg your partion. Miss Longworth," he said known. apparently in his right mind. "I beg your pardon, Miss Longworth," he said, laughing; "the fact was, I had just sent my boy with a telegram to you, and now, you see, I have saved sixpence."
"Then you have heard from Canada?" said the young lady.
"Yes, a short message, but to the point," He handed ber the cablegram, and she read: "Mine purchased; shall take charge temporarily."

sage.

"Oh, yes," said George, with the easy confidence of a man who doesn't at all know what he is talking about. "We had plenty of time. I knew it would get there all right."

"I am glad of that; I was afraid, perhaps, we might have sent it too late. One can never tell what delays or formalities there may be."

"Evidently there was no trouble. And

"Evidently there was no trouble. And now, Miss Longworth, what are your com-mands? Am I to be your agent here in Great Britain?"

"Have you written to Mr. Kenyon?"
"Yes, I wrote him just after I sent the able message."
"Of course you didn't—"
"No, I didn't say a word that would lead

"No, I didn't say a word that would lead him to suspect who was the mistress of the mine. In my zeal I even went so far as to give you a name. You are hereafter to be known in the correspondence as Mr. Smith, the owner of the mine."

Miss Longworth laughed.

"And—oh, by the way," cried Wentworth, "here is a barrel belonging to you."

"A barrel!" she said, and, looking in the direction to which he pointed, she saw in a corner of the room a barrel with its head taken off.." If it belongs to me," continued the young woman, "who has taken the liberty of opening it?"

"Oh, I did that as your agent, The barrel contains the mineal from the mine which we hope will prove so valuable. It started from Canada over three months ago, and arrived here the other day. It seems that the idiot who sent it, addressed.

ago, and arrived here the other day. It seems that the idiot who sent it, addressed it in some way by New York, and it was held by some jack in office belonging to the United States customs. We have had more diploimatic correspondence and trouble about that barrel than you can imagine, and now it comes a day behind the fair, when it is really no use."

Miss Longworth rose and went to the barrel. She picked out some of the beautiful white specimens that were in it.

"Is this the mineral?" she asked.

Wentworth laughed. "Think of a person baying a mine at an exorbitant price and not knowing what it produces! Yes, that is the mineral."

"This is not mica, of course?"

unat is the mineral."
"This is not mica, of course?"
"No, it is not mica. That is the stuffused for the making of china."
"It looks as if it would take a good
poolsh. Will it, do you know?"
"I do not know. I could easily find out
for you."

What are your orders for the rest of the barrel?"
"What were you thinking of doing with it?" said the young woman.
"Weil, I was thinking the best plan would be to send some of it to each of the pottery works in this country, and get their orders for more of the staff, if they want to

"I think it is a very good idea. I understand from the cablegram that Mr. Kenyon says he will take charge of the "You I imagine he left Ottawn at once,

"Year I imagine he left Ottawa at once, as soon as he had concluded his bargain. Of course we shall not know for certain until the writes."
"Very well, then; it seems to me that the best thing you could do over here would be to get what orders can he obtained in England for the mineral. Then I suppose you could write to Mr. Kenyon, and ask-bim to get a proper person to operate the miner."

"Yes, I will do that." When he comes over here you and he when he comes over here you and he can have a consultation as to the best thing to be done after that. I expect nothing yery definite can be done until he comes. You may make whatever exense you can for the absence of the mythical Mr. Smith, and say that you act for him. Then you may tell Mr. Kenyon, in whatever manner you choose, that Mr. Smith intends both you and Mr. Kenyon to share conjointly with him. I think you will have no trouble in making John—that is—in making Mr. Kenyon believe there is such a person as Mr. Smith, if you put it strongly enough to him. Make him understand that Mr. Smith would never have heard of the mine unless Mr. Kenyon and you had discovered it, and that he is very glad indeed to have such a good opportunity of investing his money, so that, naturally, he wishes those who have been instrumental in helping him who have been instrumental in belping him to this investment to share its profit. I think you could make all this clear enough, so that your friend will suspect nothing. Don't you think so?"

"Well, with any other man than John Kenyon I should be your man than

"Well, with any other man than John Kenyon I should have my doubts, because as a fabricator I don't think I have a very high reputation, but with John I have no fears whatever. He will believe everything I say. It is almost a pity to cheat so trustful a man, but it's so very much for his own good that I shall have no hesitation in doing it."

"They you will write to him about getting a fit and proper person to manage the mine?"

"Yes. I don't think there will be any necessity for doing so, but I will make sure. I imagine John will not leave there until he sees everything to his satisfaction.

until he sees everything to his satisfaction. He will be very anxious indeed for the mine to prove as great a success as he believes it will be, even though at present he does not know that he is to have any pecuniary inferest in its prosperity."

"Very well, then, I will bid you good-by, I may not be here again, but whenever you

I may not be here again, but whenever you hear from Mr. Kenyon I shall be very glad if you will let me know."
"Certainly, I will let you know everything that happens. I will send you all th

documents in the case, as you once remarked. You always like to see the original papers, don' tyou?"

"Yes, I suppose I do."

Miss Longworth lingered a moment at the door, then, looking straight at Wentworth, she said to blim: "You remember you spoke rather bit-terly to my father the other day?"
"Yes," said Wentworth, coloring. "I remember it."

remember it."

"You are a young man; he is old. Besides, I think you were entirely in the wrong. He had nothing whatever to do with what his nephew had done."

"Oh, I know that," said Wentworth, "I would have apologized to him long agoonly—well, you know, he told me I shouldn't only—well, you know, he told me I shouldn' be allowed in the office again, and I don e I should.'

suppose I should."

"A letter from you would be allowed in the office," replied the young lady, looking at the floor.

"Of course it would," said George, "I will write to him at once and apologize,"

"It is very good of you," said Edith, holding out her hand to him, and the next moment she was gone.

oment she was gone. George Wentworth turned to his deak and wrote a letter of apology. Then he mused to hinself upon the strange, incomprehensible nature of women, "She makes me apologize to him, and quite right, too, but if it hadn't been for the row with her father, she never would have heard about the transaction, and therefore couldn't have bought the mine, which she was anxious to do for Kenyon's sake—lucky beggar John is, after all!" (To be concluded next Sunday.)

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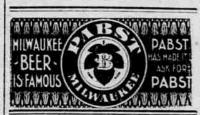
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